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SLAVE OF THE DRUG.

HORRORS OF THE USE OF OPIUM AS TOLD BY A HABITUE.

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY Co., Dwight, Ill.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 1, 1894.

Gentlemen: The enclosed article entitled "Slave of the Drug" was written by me at the request of the Sunday editor of the Chicago Tribune and appeared in the issue of that paper, of date April 22, 1894. It is a faithful and unexaggerated account of my experience as an opium habitue and was designed as a scientific contribution to the world, which, as you know, has been supplied with but little information of a reliable nature upon this all important subject. It was no part of my purpose to inform you, or any one else, touching the authorship, especially as the Tribune had editorially vouched for the fact that the writer had had the addiction and is now a cured man.

Contrary to my expectations, the article excited immediate and widespread attention and comment and irresponsible concerns claiming to cure the opium habit took advantage of its popularity by endeavoring to create the impression that the author of "Slave of the Drug" was cured by them. In order to check further attempted frauds of this nature, I herewith voluntarily tender you the article in question, with full permission to use it in any manner you may deem proper, and I take occasion to add with emphasis that I was cured at Dwight by the Keeley Remedies, the only cure in all the world, as I do honestly believe, for the opium habit. It is most unfortunate that the law cannot reach and punish the many shameless imitators, who cannot point to a single cure they have effected, but who hold out to the afflicted hope that is inevitably destined to be changed to despair. I am resolved that not one of them shall employ my literary labor or make false use of my sad experience to tempt men into their clutches, and consequently, I have copyrighted the article, which effectually prevents their further application of it.

In offering you this article, permit me to express the profoundest gratitude for the kindness and skill displayed in the treatment of my case and for the complete efficacy of the cure. As I have pictured my condition in "Slave of the Drug," so I was when I entered the Institute at Dwight, August 2, 1893, and thirty days later I was pronounced cured. Since that cure, I have never had the remotest suggestion of a desire for the drug or for a stimulant of any kind whatsoever. I am in robust health and discharge my professional duties with greater facility than ever before in my life. I walk with firm step and erect head, fearing nothing because I have obtained complete mastery over myself. All the forebodings, misgivings, doubts, vacillations and inconsistencies that marked the opium period disappeared with the habit and I am hopeful, confident and happy. I have the digestion of an ox and sleep as quietly as the healthy babe in the arms of its mother. Remembering what I was a year ago, and contrasting my then condition with what I now am, I feel I would be an ingrate indeed if I were not ready and anxious on all occasions to bear testimony to the truth. I shall be more than repaid if my words shall restrain in any degree the indiscriminate use of the fatal drug, and prove instrumental in influencing some poor victims to go to the fountain whence came my miraculous healing.

With affectionate regard for Dr. Keeley, and assurances of highest esteem for you, gentlemen, I am,

Very sincerely and gratefully yours,

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBR.

The Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Opium and all Drug Addictions, Neuralgia and the Tobacco Habit are sold and successfully administered by all Authorized Keeley Institutes. Literature free. Correspondence solicited.

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SLAVE OF THE DRUG.

HORRORS OF THE USE OF OPIUM.

BY WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

(*Chicago Tribune, April 22, 1894.*)

The remarkable story which is given below is the result of a request made by *THE TRIBUNE* of a professional man who became addicted to the use of opium many years ago, but who was fortunately cured and cured completely. His name is withheld for obvious reasons, but his story can be substantiated in every particular. It was written chiefly to show the horrors of the use of opium in any form. It will be observed that the writer takes issue at once with De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater," and this divergence is one of the most potent reasons for the publication. The great English writer was still addicted to the use of the drug when he wrote his "Confessions." The present writer has been cured completely. He is, therefore, free from the well-known tendency of opium habitues to distort facts, and he himself frankly says that no "fiend" is worthy of belief on any point. In other words, De Quincey was still addicted to the use of the drug, and hence was unworthy of belief. In addition, his very addiction caused him to defend his position by painting the delights of opium in rosy colors. The writer, whose experiences are given below, speaks from a bitter experience of nine years. His mind and body are no longer diseased, and he asserts that the pleasure of the opium was slight and short lived, while the pains and tortures were sharp, severe, and prolonged until the last day of the addiction. In justice to the writer it should be explained that while he sank to the lowest depths of the habit he has been completely restored both mentally and physically. To see him now no one would imagine that he had ever been the slave of the drug, while the narrative which follows speaks for itself as to the present condition of his mental powers.

The days of my youth were made wretched by dyspepsia, and, as the physicians of that period believed in heroic doses, my stomach was fairly deluged with paregoric, Bateman's drops, Godfrey's cordial, and other narcotic decoctions, an experience to which I ascribe my tolerance for opium in later years. It is beyond dispute that the large quantities of the poison which then reached the cells of my immature body created an appetite which though dormant for twenty years asserted a mastery when my limbs and will were fettered by disease and the drug was again introduced. There should be considered, also, hereditary tendencies towards alcoholism, my grandfather having been a heavy drinker prior to the birth of my sire. Notwithstanding these environments I should have escaped the curse altogether, pride and ambition enabling me to resist an ever-present desire for stimulants, except for a rheumatic trouble, the result of privation and exposure while a prisoner during the late war. This difficulty, as well as pestilent indigestion, continued, and twenty-one years later, or when I was in my thirty-eighth year, I was stricken with an insufferable attack which threatened fatal consequences. Following the prescription of his profession my attendant physician administered morphine hypodermically without consulting my wishes in the premises and without apprising me of the fact. So ignorant was I at that time of the physiological effects of the drug that I was confirmed in the habit before I was apprised that I was taking it, and the only consolation then offered me by the man who had set me in the toils was that the administration of the opium had saved my life.

Thousands of times have I insisted that it would have been far better had he suffered me to die rather than subject me to an agony and bloody sweat protracted through nine years of fatal addiction. The entire period was one of persistent shadows and gloom, in which spirits of darkness encompassed me and the very mouth of hell yawned before me.

Those who go to a Keeley Institute for treatment against their wishes, or to oblige friends, furnish almost the total per cent of relapses. It is a thankless effort, and of doubtful propriety to attempt the bestowal of benefits not desired; 'tis unfruitful soil.

Physicians are prone to be faddists. Sangrado persisted in bloodletting and water drinking, his successors of a century ago applied leeches, and in the '50s cupping or the lancet was a panacea for all the ills of humanity. Forty years ago every sudden death was credited to apoplexy, later Bright's disease assumed the responsibility, and this, in turn, gave way to "heart failure." Narcotic drugs have, unfortunately for the human family, maintained a longer hold upon the faculty than has been the fate of most medicaments, and opium has first place in its confidence today. The outfit of no physician is complete without a hypodermic syringe and morphine tablets, which are promptly applied for the relief of all the ills to which flesh is heir. With no purpose of depreciating the skill of the physician or the benefits he has bestowed upon the human race, but because I have been a victim of professional recklessness and have tasted the bitterness of the cup to the very dregs, I do enter a most earnest protest against the practice of administering opium for any and all complaints. In the majority of cases the simplest and most harmless of remedies would avail and in all instances the use of the drug should cease after a few days. In heaven's name the army of opium habitués is appalling in size, but it is no fault of the physician that its numbers are limited to present proportions. Fortunately all men do not have a tolerance for the insidious narcotic, and many positively resist its seductive influences. Were it otherwise the habit would be more wide-extended in America than in poppy-cursed China. Careful investigation shows that three-fourths of the opium "fiends" of this country owe their habit directly to the physician. This is exclusive of opium smokers who take on their addiction of themselves, being impelled of curiosity, diseased appetite, or other causes.

Ignorant of opium and its more potent alkaloid, morphine, I was as clay in the hands of the potter when my family physician placed me under the bondage. The racking pains of the body distracted my mind from the encroachments of the unknown drug, whose presence revealed itself now and then in subtle and not pleasant fancies. Finally I suspected

the influence of some potential medicine, but had no thought it was that which reading and observation had taught me was more to be feared than the tooth of the ophidian or the worm of the still. When, as strength began to return and reason reascended its throne I was ultimately led to fear the cause of the novel, exciting disturbance, I was nearly distracted with grief and the conviction became so strong that the indignant denial of the medical man could not dispel it. When he finally confessed his guilt I cursed him and cursed the affliction that had afforded an opportunity for a thoughtless practitioner to fasten upon me that which I knew must entail pangs far exceeding any I had felt before. It is well that my disturbed fancy could not then take in the heights and breadths and lengths of the afflictive dispensation, for a full apprehension of it would have involved insanity or suicide. The experience unfolded with such deliberation and was accompanied with such prostration of will that the steadily covering manhood accepted the conditions without recourse to desperate measures or total surrender of reason.

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My enslavement was complete within sixty days of the first injection of the drug into my body. The period for the forming of the habit varies, as I have learned from numerous victims, some having the chains forged irremediably within a fortnight, while others are six months in forming the habit. De Quincey declares in his Confessions that he took the drug for ten years without its obtaining any mastery over him; that he had an opium debauch every Saturday evening and abstained throughout the remainder of the week. This is positively contrary to my own experience as well as to that of every one of my acquaintances who has had the addiction. It is the universal verdict of the medical profession as well as of those habituated to the use of the opiate that it first excites and then depresses, and that the only remedy for this depression lies in a recurrent dose. De Quincey would have displayed exceptional nerve had he been able to let it alone for a period of twenty-four hours. One of the most pitiful results of the habit is that it promotes mendacity. A very

eminent physician, who is most successful in the treatment of "fiends," said to me: "I would not believe an opium habitué under oath." Ano'her medical man, who was himself a slave of the narcotic for a quarter of a century before his happy deliverance, declared in my hearing: "Every opium fiend is a depraved liar." It should be remembered that the Confessions were written by an opium-eater, for, as he frankly admits in the portions of the work which appeared in 1821 (their first appearance), he then being 36 years of age and an habitué since 1804: "I have untwisted almost to its final links the accursed chain which has fettered me." In October of the following year, when his third paper was published, he declared he had vaunted himself as one who had boasted before a victory, and that for each day of abstinence he had recompensed himself with renewed quantities of the pharmakon nepenthes. Fifty-two years after his first subjugation (in 1856) he not only attempted a defense of the habit, but revised and corrected his original work so as to make it conlone the evils of the drug, and also freely admitted that in all the years he had been an obedient slave of the lethean god. A royal master of rhetoric and gifted as few men of any age in exquisiteness of artistic word painting, his unreliable Confessions have proved the lure of desolation to many a poor soul. Seduced by his masterful "coinage of the brain" and flights of morphic fancy, tens of thousands have followed the ignes fatui of his frenzy to a wretched and despairing death.

This distinguished writer dwells with uncouth delight upon the ineffably sensuous dreams and the Canterbury Tale visions of his waking hours during the first twelve years of his addiction, and this experience is similar to that of most opium takers whom I know, except that not one of these claimed that the fools' paradeses of the night or the fairy lands of the day endured for more than a year. The greater number declared that all the pleasure they derived from it ended with their first six months. Their evidence is to be credited before his because every one of them to whom I refer here and elsewhere has been cured of the addiction and its associated evils of lying, deception, and moral cowardice.

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In my own case I am not able to recall any visions or dreams of an exaltedly beatific nature. This may be due in part to the fact that I was a sufferer from severe rheumatic pains, and that I had a peculiar tolerance, or affinity, if I may so apply the word, for the drug, so that the quantity taken was not adequate to the end attained by others. That such recollections do not return is assuredly no fault of my memory. Would to God I might build up a Chinese wall of exclusion between me and my nine years of hopeless serfdom—a wall that would forever prevent any return of recollection to the accursed fields of opium-land. My friends will unite in declaring me possessed of a prodigious memory and that faculty is in no sense impaired by the saturation of opium which my brain received. All the events, incidents, scenes, tragedies, doubts, fears, dreams, and visions of that epoch are graven as deep in my brain as hieroglyphs in Cleopatra's needle. Designing that my confessions shall be honest before God and man I have earnestly, yet vainly, sought to call out from among the grim specters and multiform apparitions the Agepomens and ravishing attachments so graphically portrayed by De Quincey. That there was excitation during the first months is true, but at the best the day visions and night dreams were as the semi-delirium of the fever-touched brain, which flashes elusive wraiths whose smiling lips are shadowed by eyes of melancholy. In all the *joux de theaters* of the evanescent imagination no single scene is presented in which angels hover over the boards or fairies enter with God-offered gifts. There were periods of indifferentism, many of them, when the lethean draught caused the realities of the world to appear as shadows and time passed as in a dream, although the senses lay awake in their restful cells. But this was, after all, an insouciant state, a fiddle-faddle existence, little removed from that of the dormouse or slug. In such hours of "indilgence" there was positive insensibility to pain, but likewise incapacity to enjoy.

Mind, I do not deny that beatific mirages appear to the vision of the opium neophyte, as a rule; but only too soon the inexorable

tyrant leads his vassals out of paradise into the inferno over whose gate burn the damning words, "Abandon all hope ye who enter here." The periodicity of exaltation gradually diminishes, the ecstatic visions pale and finally go out like the flickering candle in the socket. Vainly the victim has repeated recourse to his drug; uselessly he resorts to increased quantity; its power of enchantment is lost forever. Between the stages of delight and pain there is a middle ground of hebetude, where one "forgets one's self to marble"; he is cold, indifferent, supine, and callous. Presently the pricks and goads are applied and the quivering flesh agonizes under the infliction. The stricken one passes into an arctic night of horror, unrelieved by borealis, or moon, or star, a night of thick cloud and darkness, where phosphorescent phantoms with seeming of real substance torture remorselessly.

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An universal error obtains among men as to the quantitative effects of opium. Measured by others the greatest amount taken by me was moderate, yet it does not seem possible that any one could have endured greater extremes of physical and mental agony, or approached nearer to the confines of the unknown life. De Quincey reckoned himself high priest in the opium temple, because he reached, as he claimed, the enormous quantity of 8,000 drops of laudanum daily. He computed twenty-five drops as equal to one grain of opium, so that his daily allotment was 320 grains. (The present British formula estimates 4.3 grains to a fluid drachm, or sixty drops—nearly one grain to fourteen drops). The United States formula requires 5.7 grains to each fluid drachm, or one grain to 10.5 drops. In order to obtain his required amount of opium De Quincey drank one pint of alcohol daily, which is equal to three pints of whisky as served over the average Chicago bar. Enormous as is this quantity, I know a person now effectually cured who drank a pint of laudanum daily (7,680 drops) made according to the United States formula, and which contained 720 grains of opium (dry), or more than double the quantity taken by the author of the Confessions. But several of my acquaintances who had the morphine habit

greatly exceeded thefeat of the latter. One of these took 200 grains of morphine every twenty-four hours, and it would require at least 1,400 grains of opium (dry) to equal this amount. Beside the morphine this person took a quantity daily of chloral, cocaine, and whisky. I could readily name a score whose addiction was much greater than that of De Quincey, but have doubtless done enough to take him from the lofty pedestal of his own raising and place him upon a level with thousands of other "fiends" in the quantity of the drug consumed.

As a fact, the quantity appears to play no more important part than the amount of whisky taken by the drunkard. Bacchus often makes mad the votary whose offering is stinted. It would appear in the case of opium as of whisky a matter of individual idiosyncrasy. When I first found myself with the habit I was taking of morphine what was equal to about two and one-half fluid drachms of laudanum daily. The salt of the opium racked my nervous system so terribly and interfered so seriously with my mental processes that I quickly deserted it for the potion of De Quincey. I was hastened in the execution of this step because of the frightful prostration following the excitement, which could only be alleviated by increasing quantities of the alkaloid. I may state here that careful and most reliable statistics show that the chances of dementia are nearly four times greater from morphia than from laudanum or gum or powdered opium. The process by which I reached my maximum daily allotment—namely: twelve fluid-drachms, 720 drops or 68.4 grains, was steady, and that point was attained at the expiration of a twelve-month. Except upon three occasions I never transcended that amount in any day during the remainder of my servitude, and then only as an experiment, to determine whether a double quantity would have serious consequences. There was no special disturbance on these specific occasions other than increased wakefulness and corresponding disturbance of the stomach, the latter being an invariable accompaniment of insomnia.

Uniformly I divided my daily portion into three parts of four fluid-drachms each, taking one at 7 a. m., another at 1 p. m., and the remainder at 7 p. m. Conditions made some changes at times in this arrangement, as, for instance, when made desperate by frightful terrors I would banish sleep by taking the entire diurnal allowance in a single dose. It

Every Keeley Treatment is a Keeley Cure, if the physical condition of the patient will tolerate it. If does not supply more than the original amount of mental force, hence occasional cases of relapse—less than five per cent of the number treated.

should be understood that while opium ranks first among the opiates it most frequently has precisely an opposite effect in one habituated to its use, and particularly so when the regular quantity is decidedly increased. This experience of mine is somewhat anomalous, as I have found among my opium friends no other instance where the quantity was held immutable for a series of years. I should explain that my stomach was in very sad plight when I formed the habit, and laudanum most seriously disturbs that most important organ. When I attained the twelve drachm point I realized that I dare not further tax my digestive machinery, but it will be understood that the absorptive power of the cellular apparatus is such that the destructive energy of the drug increased constantly. Any opium habitué will appreciate what struggles I made in order to hold myself to this limitation. De Quincey's allegation in old age that he easily held himself in check on minimized doses is absurd and contrary to all experience. If he really did as he then insisted his sufferings were of the most terrible character. My own battle was constant there being scarcely an hour in which I was not grappling with the monster which insisted upon forging added links to my chain of woe. The appetite of the opium "fiend" is as that of the "porochial" orphans in "Oliver Twist." Like the horse leech its unceasing monody is "more, more." With my brief experience with morphine I am of the opinion that if I had held to that form of the drug I should have been compelled to take steadily increasing quantities indefinitely in order to meet the tormenting demands of the insatiate "fiend."

Little need be said about the manner of obtaining the drug, it being as easy to procure as it is to fall into the habit once the physician has started a man on the down grade. While it is true the statute books of Illinois provide restrictions upon the sale of the poison, I never had the slightest difficulty in buying all I wished in Chicago or any other town of the Commonwealth. I asked for it as one might inquire for tooth powder or toilet soap, and obtained it just as readily, it being rare that a question was asked me as to the use I intended to make of it. That druggist would be justly censurable who would refuse a habitué suffering from lack of it, because the "miserable" must have it, die, or go mad.

Since my cure, as during my habit, I have never failed to procure the drug for one I might encounter who had passed beyond his "period," because I knew the insufferable torture of deprivation. The sin of the druggist lies in the indiscriminate sale of opium to all comers, thus fostering and encouraging the fixing of the habit upon those from whom the family physician has perhaps for prudential reasons withheld it. Legislation directed against those confirmed in the habit will not cure one of the poor creatures who bear the yoke of slavery, but laws strictly enforced would tend to a wholesome check upon the making of more slaves.

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"The dread swell and agitation of the storm" make mournful dissonance, although now securely moored in the harbor of safety, and I would gladly avoid a recital of the dangers through which I have passed, but for the duty towards those whom the same perils threaten and those who may be suddenly precipitated by other hands upon the wild and heaving sea. It is scarcely needful, however, that I quote from the logbook and give daily entries of the "leeway and the course."

Before presenting the mormo phantoms that come with the gloaming and are chased away by the matin songs of the birds, the bête noir of heart-sinking dreams and the sinister and cowering life of the day, let me insist here and now that the opium "fiend" merits profoundest sympathy without a suggestion of contempt. The first work of the opium satan is to double-lock the prison door of the will so that successful struggle against the demoniac possession is impossible. During my subjection I fought nine times 365 days against my diabolic master. Again and again I felt I had overcome the adversary, having more than ever reduced my daily quantity to less than fifteen drops, and in one titanic contest I was complete victor for five days, not one minim having passed my teeth in that time. At the end of these 120 hours I was in a most deplorable state. The entire surface of my body was pricked with invisible needles. If one who has felt the painful sensation of a single one will multiply that by 10,000,000 distributed all over the surface he may dimly grasp the intensity of that form of suffering. The muscles were relaxed, the intestinal walls seemed to be crumbling, there were copious

discharges from mouth, nose, and eyes, the fingers seemed to be falling away from the hands, the hands from the wrists, and the knees smote together in an agony. Every joint of my body was racked with consuming fire, while intermittently from every skin pore there issued a deluge of sweat, which speedily dried and left the skin as parchment. Above all the soul was oppressed with disquietude, the heart fluttered like a wounded bird, and the brain faltered from irresolution. Thus tortured by bodily inquisitorial demons, crazed by wild-darting nerves, and devoured by apprehension of shapeless death, I held out my hand and taking the poisoned chalice to my lips subsided into physical quiet and mental torpor. Let him who has suffered condemn if he will.

Once the habit is securely set there is no more light or brightness. The potency of the charmer is paralyzed and her voice no longer invites to paradiseal sweets. Opium promotes passivity; it subdues all passions, fleshly appetites and desires, even though it may for a time quicken the brain pulses. The august chamber of the mind is last to throw open its door, although thought faculties are always disorderly and active only at intervals. In some cases, as that of De Quincey, the power to fulminate sublime thoughts is never palsied, yet the intelligent and unbiased reader of the works of that genius cannot fail to detect in them erratic fancies, or to find confirmation of the admission made by himself, that "opium-eaters never finish any work." Coleridge did more to give direction to philosophic thought than any other man of this century, yet opium rendered him utterly incapable of discharging protracted literary duties. The devil-drug had not gained control of Miss Alcott until after her life work was nearly done. Brains made in common mold yield more readily, but all, geniuses and ordinary mortals, finally attain a state of stupidity, torpidness, and moral wretchedness.

Over and over again I found myself crying "Whither shall I flee from the presence of the monster?" I never, like De Quincey, "worshiped opium," nor like him held that "opium gives a vital warmth that is approved by the judgment." Early in the habit I learned the untruth of his insistence that the drug "communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active and passive," as likewise his declaration that the "elevation of spirits produced by opium is not necessarily followed by a proportionate depression." I

would have spewed the drug out of my mouth if I could, because my judgment condemned it as mind, soul, and body destroying and the degradation was a cankering sore that ate into my vitals. I would have plucked my tongue out sooner than advise men to take the poison as De Quincey urged his estimable publisher and others. I turned away in loathing from such a comforter and adviser and from my anguished heart proceeded the denunciation of "liar" against him.

There was no escape from the malignant demon who had me in his thrall. My sleep was filled with abominably frightful dreams, my waking moments were filled with apprehension, while the phantasmagoria of my insomnia were clothed in flesh and kept alive with rich flowing blood. Now absolutely temperate, altogether and forever delivered from the drug and in the possession of vigorous bodily health, without a vestige of nervousness, I yet find it difficult to portray without disturbance of spirit the plasma of the opium period. They demand no flights of fancy or lurid rhetoric for their faithful presentation.

The dreams date from the beginning of the habit and their virulence increases with time. Unlike De Quincey, my dreams never repeated themselves as those of his Malay acquaintance and others. Never did one return to me a second time, my wretched and distorted brain readily supplying new horrors every time I fell asleep, and usually a half-dozen or more each night, the tableaux often changing with kaleidoscopic variations and celerity. They were not such stuff as ordinary dreams are made of, but "raw head and bloody bone" manifestations, whose realism was such that time can never efface them. Nine years of hideous nightmare; nine years in which there was not a single night of exemption, except when insomnia banished sleep! These dreams embraced every stage and condition of life except the erotic. Let this at least be placed to the credit of the opium "fiend," that waking or dreaming he is never unchaste or impure.

There is no death the agony of which I have not endured in these dreams. A hideous negro with leering face garroted me on the Plaza in Havana. Monsieur Diebler politely severed my head from my body in gay Paris. Before a relentless jury and impassive doctor I was electrocuted in the Tombs in New York City, and a howling mob in Alabama sent me into eternity at a rope's end, afterward riddling my dangling body with

lead. The Japanese Emperor compelled me to commit hara-kiri, and a bejeweled Indian Rajah administered to me a cup of poison with his own hands. An English court sentenced me to be cast into a caldron of boiling oil and vigorously enforced the order. While searching for the north pole each of my companions perished miserably by starvation and cold, a fate that finally overtook me just as the goal was in sight. Chicago footpads crushed out my life one dark night as I was hurrying along State street, and I was smothered to death in a simeon of the Sahara. I lived for a week in a crevasse of the Mer de Glace, into which I had fallen and might have remained there indefinitely in a harrowing state of frost and uncertainty but for the carelessness of a guide in dropping his alpenstock upon my head and so dashing out my brains. The sole survivor of a large ship's company I was cast upon a rocky islet in the Pacific, where I died from thirst after days of the most excruciating torture. Cholera terminated my career after a toilsome journey in Mussulman disguise to Mecca, where I drank of the bacilli-charged waters of the Holy Well. I succumbed to yellow-fever at Para and was buried in the potter's field at Philadelphia after a lingering attack of smallpox. When I had yielded at Berlin to heart failure a frolicsome, beer-drinking class of medical students hacked and hewed my body most unskillfully.

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I must be understood that all my dreams were circumstantial in detail and that no feature of physical suffering was wanting when I was made the victim. Indeed, the exaggerating tendencies of the drug but intensified the agony of the various tortures through which I passed. There are times when it seems I again feel the keen thrust of the horn of the rhinoceros which pierced me in an African hunt, and I have shuddered a thousand times over the pain inflicted by an infuriated tigress in an Indian jungle.

No General of any age was present at a tithe of the battles in which I participated, every one of which ended in my being made prisoner, desperately wounded, or killed outright. Napoleon complimented me upon my courage at the battle of the Nile, but was barely prevented from shooting me at the siege of Toulon for my cowardice. Nicholas caused the knout to be applied to my

shoulders and back for my refusal to be his lackey, although I had served him faithfully as a soldier in the Crimea. A cannon ball from a battery in Mahone's brigade carried away my head at Antietam, but I afterward lost a leg at Gettysburg while resisting the gallant charge of Pickett. I was with young Napoleon in Africa and received a score of the assegais that were designed for his hapless body.

Somehow I had a penchant for walking along the top of high walls, the stones of which gave way beneath my feet, or the whole of which would give way and bear me amid the ruins to the earth. Pirouetting on the edge of precipices, I would fall upon the rocks thousands of feet below. Once I was carried over Niagara Falls, where I met a painless death, but suffered untold chagrin because during an entire week my friends made no effort to recover my mangled body which floated in a bight hard by Whirlpool Rapids. Deadly serpents bit me and huge pythons smothered me in their hideous embrace. Assassins disengaged me in Cairo and a frightful disorder caused my arms and legs to decay and fall away while I was in a loathsome prison in Smyrna. I was witness to some of the most frightful cataclysms of nature, being a victim of the earthquake and tidal wave visitation at Callao in 1867; was projected a score of miles on the horn of a destructive tornado cloud in Iowa; fell into the seething crater of Kilauea, and was killed by lightning under a tree in a field near Evanston. Rashly ascending in a balloon when its owner was absent I was borne upward through an infinite of space, when I finally collided with the body of a defiant comet and was hurled earthward with a velocity that set my brain on fire, an eternity of time passing before I reached this planet, which opened to receive my crushed body.

The companions of my day life would basely betray me; financial distress to the extreme of pauperism be visited upon me; my dearest ones would die after lingering torture or be taken suddenly off in a hideous tragedy; azotic influences of a deadly nature would environ my household; and the loved and the lost would rise out of their graves and put on flesh, associating with me, as it seemed, for weeks and months, when they would again die, and always in some horrible manner.

The répertoire comprehends demons from hell, ghosts and bogies, Gorgons and Medusæ—in fact, every creature that extensive reading and travel could have suggested or a dis-

ordered brain evolved. Out from the opium land of shadows the specters rush with wing-tipped feet, pouring from the Inferno of Dante, the hell of Milton, and the halls and corridors of prisons and temples whose very plinths and entablatures have long been in dust. Out from Jerusalem desolate, from Nero's burning Rome, from earth-riven Lisbon, Paris of the revolution, forms pierced and bleeding, shapes whose bodily hereditaments had endured in their severality all the sufferings that make the sum of human agony. Out from the shadows an unending procession of wars, plagues, and pestilences, the judgment of the damned, contention of the elements, and all the abominations that make desolate the habitations of men.

Had Sancho Panza been an opium "fiend" he would have cursed rather than blessed the inventor of sleep. Driven to desperation by the accursed visions, awaking out of sleep with the echo of thunderous detonations in my ears, trepidant, dripping with perspiration, and with hair on end, I would swear in my wrath that never again would I sleep. It was in such mood as this that I would swallow my three doses in one, experience having taught me that the increased quantity would greatly protract the period of wakefulness. One of the chiefest joys connected with my relief from the habit is the fact that I can lay me down to rest in peace and security, undisturbed of visions, for not once since my cure have I had a dream of any kind whatsoever. During my enslavement I loathed the bed and sought it only when exhaustion demanded it, there being an ever-present fear that each night would be my last upon earth and that I should pass away in the midst of the harrowing visions of sleep.

**

Those fantastic figments of visual disturbance termed "laudanum phantasmagoria" were not introduced into my life until the sixth year of my addiction. The grotesque largely predominated in these visions, although many of the figures in these tableaux vivants were sufficiently horrible to take a prominent part in a *dance du diable*. It must be understood that while these were illusions—*Fata Morgana*—presented when I was wide awake and with every faculty keenly astir, yet the forms were in their seeming those of veritable creatures and it demanded

no aid of fancy to clothe them with flesh or endue them with life. Every forest and field, every sea and river and lake sent delegations to the conventions held in my bed chamber, and every member, whether chimpanzee, armadillo, scarabeus, or condor, minnow or great whale deported itself with gravity, although each one displayed some comical characteristic, many of the animals getting themselves up specially for the occasion. A great grizzly bear wore a long beard, which tripped him as he walked, an Asiatic elephant wore pantaloons, and a jaguar had on a calico gown. The seriousness of the body was somewhat marred by the persistent eye-blinking of a cameleopard, whose breadth of linen collar would have driven a dude mad with envy. A warted hog strutted about with a silk hat on its head, and an ourang carried a monster walking cane.

At another time rats sprang upon my bed and played with my hair or rubbed their long whiskers against my own. Ibises made havoc with coils of serpents that had intruded upon my privacy and afterward rebuked me for not expressing my gratitude in set words. In a single aggregation I recognized every one of the 235 varieties of serpents whose habitat is India.

There were periods when lightning changes occurred in creature forms, one melting into another with such rapidity as to defy all attempts at classification. Human beings, those dead as well as the living, visited me and spoke in tones distinctly audible. Great actors accommodatingly set up their stages before me and with full and strong supports went through their several rôles. Patti never sang more divinely than in my bed chamber, and Liszt thrilled me with the divine touch of his fingers upon the piano. Great Generals marshaled their armies before me and prodigies of valor were performed by the contending hosts. Every voting precinct in Chicago chose my room as its polling-place, and I was made acquainted with all the peculiar methods used in swelling or reducing the face of the returns; friends of candidates sought to influence my choice by money and the Jeremy Diddlers of politics swarmed in from the wards. Billygoats played leap frog galore and agile gibbons eclipsed the champions of America in their skill at baseball. Fabied monsters, paleontological creatures and gnomes were extremely sociable, and circus clowns really exerted themselves to amuse me. These and innu-

merable other fancies clothed themselves in realism night by night, and grawsome as they were I preferred their company vastly to the hateful horrors of dreamland.

The periodicity and the recurrence of the phantasms varied, sometimes persisting through many successive nights, and again disappearing after a single all-night frolic, while a month or more would elapse, at the first, before their reappearance. Gradually, however, I was hedged closer in, the raree show came oftener and remained longer, until towards the closing days of the opium slavery the "thick coming fancies" were nearly continuous. I knew them to be maggots of the brain and eye—whimseys and gimeracks, yet when they assumed shape of burglars, whose bull's-eye lights dazzled the sight, or when there was sudden apparition of a bieeding ghost from out the closet, the sensations might have been far more pleasant under different surroundings. The panorama could not be shut out. Whether the gas was burning or turned off, whether the eyes were wide open or fast shut, the pageants moved with equal vividness and realism. Nothing could possibly drive away the uncanny objects except sleep or daylight.

**

During the ninth year of my habit I was afflicted with the "double sight"; that is to say, all objects seen at a distance were in pairs, and I observed that this was followed by increased activity among my phantasmic visitors. Previous to this one of my eyes had become near and the other far sighted, necessitating lenses of extraordinarily divergent properties to meet the disturbed condition. I need scarcely state that all these abnormal developments disappeared with my deliverance from the drug. At the time, however, they greatly added to my mental distress and my perturbed fancy suggested all sorts of blunders and fatalities as the result of the addiction.

Saddest of all is the history of the day with its duties neglected, its responsibilities shunned, opportunities forever lost, and its cares magnified into insupportable burdens. The voice of music is hushed forever, the companionship of fellow-beings is distasteful, and religious duty neglected. The victim is always on the alert for slights or insults and sees them where none exist. He is oppressed by the gloomiest forebodings of unshaped evils hanging over him like angry storm-clouds ready to burst in wrath. A gnat of

adversity is magnified into a hawk, yet such is the perversity of the drug a mountain of benefit is reduced to a molehill in size. I found it impossible to get away from gloomy thoughts by any manner of diversion. Whether reading or studying, working or conversing, at the play or in church, the shadow darkened the spirit. There was no David with his harp to exorcise the demon of everlasting gloom.

Opium is morbid and in addition to persistent rheumatic pains my stomach, always troublesome, finally literally gave way under the strain, while distressful symptoms manifested themselves in the kidneys and heart. Heavy pain was seated in the back of my head, this at times becoming almost insupportable. The hands and feet were dreadfully swollen and the slightest abrasion of the skin became an obstinate, pestilent sore of months' continuance. Reference is had now to my condition during the last years of the habit, although it must be understood that from the outset these disturbances began to appear, becoming aggravated with the lapse of time.

The appetite was a very uncertain quantity. Indeed, I may say that I scarcely ate breakfast once during the last seven years of the addiction and that in that period I usually ate but one meal, my dinner, after the labor of the day was done. Sometimes I lunched at noon, but this was the exception rather than the rule. Morphine "fiends," especially those who took the drug hypodermically, were, as far as my acquaintance reaches, given to the eating of candies and other sweets, some of them eating large quantities. This is not the case with laudanum and gum or powdered opium "fiends," or certainly it was not true with me. I preferred sweets to solid foods, as meats and bread, but there was no craving for them, and I rarely ate any except at my meals. I know a number of persons who while they had the morphine addiction crunched candy or ate fruit all day long and were unhappy when deprived of it. One of my friends would arise from his bed in the middle of the night and go several miles to procure a supply of caramels or gumdrops. I may add that opium creates the most disgusting appetite in many, such as inordinate desire, which is gratified, for kerosene oil, tincture of camphor, ammonia, Florida water, bay rum, and other repulsive drinks.

**

The drunkard may, and often does, abstain for weeks and months even from alcohol, but the opium habitué never gets out of the influence of his drug. He never permits him-

To be imitated by several hundred so called cures "The same as the Keeley" or "Better than the Keeley" or by "Former partners or employees of Dr. Keeley" is a deserved commendation because imitators do not counterfeit that which is not genuine and the best.

self, if he can help it, to get away from it, or to want it without supplying the first craving demand. The frequency of the taking varies greatly, my rule being, as I have stated, to drink three times in twenty-four hours, while a morphine friend in Southern Illinois resorted to his syringe as many as sixty times daily. The rule is that as the drug loses its power the subject has more frequent recourse to it. In addition to what I have already said upon the quantity consumed by individuals I may state that I have seen deplorable cases of suffering where the daily consumption did not exceed fifteen grains of opium, equal to about two grains of morphine, and, in the opposite direction, a friend of mine swallowed daily upwards of 200 grains of morphine, equal to 1,500 grains of opium. Yet the physical condition of the latter was apparently no worse than his who took the minimum quantity named.

My experience does not confirm that of De Quincey as to exaggerations of size, "buildings, landscapes, etc., exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive." Indeed, diligent inquiry among a number of my opium-cured friends failed to bring out one confirmatory witness to corroborate him. The fancies to which the illustrious master of English refers are peculiar to hasheesh "fiends," as I am informed, for I never had any experience with that drug. Opium undeniably tends to distort objects, but not to magnify them, and it was this distortion that tended to add to the grievousness of my burdens by day.

The opium-eater has a seething hell raging within. Now he imagines himself pursued by unseen enemies, who plot his ruin or death; then he momentarily expects to be arrested for some crime that has never been committed. Again and again have I cast away my morning paper in terror after reading some account of a crime, because I saw in the lines my own name instead of that of the real offender. The "hearing of voices" first came to me in the third year of my addiction and continued with me intermittently until the end. The first manifestation of this kind was a startlingly realistic one. I was stopping at the Palmer House and was seated one evening in the rotunda when I was startled by a familiar voice in my rear which repeated my name. Two other equally well-known voices took part in a conversation that followed, of which I was the subject, and the sum of it

was a scheme whereby I should be arrested, tried, and convicted for a flagrant infraction of the United States laws. While the tones were low every word was easily distinguishable, and after listening with bated breath for an hour or more I hastened to a lawyer, who had much difficulty in convincing me that I was under a delusion. It never once occurred to me to turn about and verify their presence with my eyes, or that enemies do not meet within one's hearing to plot his destruction.

The sense of my degradation was complete. I knew myself to be a liar, a coward, fleeing when no man pursued, trepidant, irresolute, and always melancholic. Magnificent opportunities for making money and for preferment were rejected, only to be followed by the most poignant remorse because I spurned them. Love for my family was strong, yet I had constantly to reproach myself that I neglected wife and children and would not properly exert myself to make them happy. I was in constant apprehension lest my habit be revealed to friends and the world. Contraction of the muscles had bent my shoulders, but it was confusion and shame of face that caused my head to be bowed and my eye to be averted from every one. Suicide was an ever-recurring thought, but a sense of duty to my family and the terrors which opium had thrown about death guarded me from this fatality.

Last stage of all, health utterly failed, the power to do was paralyzed, and the long flickering and sputtering candle of hope went out in its socket. The chief aim of my life now was to keep myself provided with the drug. I drank it because I must have it or die. I took it because the power of resistance had been for nine years utterly dead. I took it, not for any anticipated delectation or pleasure, but to quiet the myriad nerve-throbs and heart-pangs. For the wild and weird misgivings of the soul there was no nepenthe. The barbed arrow had entered the spirit, the stigma were ineradicably stamped and the mournful refrain of the raven of unhappy Poe had long been my own, "Nevermore." It was the physical man only which could be reached by the drug, and that only slightly palliative. Again and again I found myself repeating these terrible words of a despairing spirit:

And my soul from out the shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted nevermore.

Wasted from bodily starvation, a poor, trembling wretch, out of whose life had passed all that was beautiful and good and true; seeing before me an open grave, and, beyond, the illimitable years of eternity tainted with the unpardonable sin of the opium habit—there then came to me a good angel in human form, who flashed the divine promise, “At the evening time it shall be light,”—words of heavenly benediction that fell upon my dulled ears like refreshing

showers upon the parched and cracked ground.

Concerning the via dolorosa that led up to the crucifixion of self—the pains and penalties endured in overcoming the frightful habit, I need not speak. Those who are afflicted as I was may find comfort while contemplating the ordeal in the sublime sentiment of Scudary: “Il est plus glorieux de se vaincre soimême, que de vaincre les autres”—it is more glorious to conquer one's self than to conquer others.

ONCE OPIUM'S SLAVES.

NEARLY ONE THOUSAND VICTIMS OF THE DRUG CURED.

(Chicago Tribune, February 13, 1894.)

SLAVES OF OPIUM.

In another column of this issue is presented a report of one thousand cases treated in the opium department of the Keeley Institute at Dwight, Ill. The patients were the last thousand that presented themselves there for treatment up to the close of last December, so that the cases are not selected. The record is a wonderful one, especially in view of the fact that 85 per cent of the number were in poor health when received and many of them were so drug depraved that they would take anything supposed to contain alcohol or some narcotic, disregarding the consequences. Ninety-eight of the number were practically insane, whether they were under the influence of the drug or not, no mental restoration being possible by total abstinence alone. Thirteen of these had been in asylums for the insane and seven were sent to Dwight as a last chance before committing them to an asylum for the hopelessly insane. Yet all these ninety-eight were cured of their drug mania and one of the two sent away as insane was subsequently restored at home to good health and sound mental condition without further medication.

Only three persons out of the thousand

died under the treatment, and five since, from various causes. Forty-four left before the course was concluded, and 953 completed it. Only 4.7 per cent of the straight opium or morphine cases have relapsed, and 8.4 per cent of the whole number treated have fallen back into the old habits, while four were taken again for retreatment. It is stated that fully 35 per cent of the patients had tried other “cures” from one to seven times, some of them persisting for two years without gaining the desired benefit.

One of the most remarkable features of the report is the statement that 74 per cent of all the patients claimed the drug was first given by physicians, and in many cases continued without their knowledge till they had formed the habit. So it would seem the medical fraternity is responsible to a large extent for the terrible indulgence in narcotics. Doubtless in a majority of the cases referred to, the administration of the drug may have seemed imperative, but in the case of a large number, there remains the suspicion that the “remedy” might have been dispensed with to the great benefit of the patient. The doctors may be entitled to the doubt that

“Humanity must be permanently relieved from its diseased craving for alcohol before prohibition can reach the case. It can not be driven or coerced.”

in some cases they are unfairly charged with being the prime causes of the habit being formed, yet the report ought to make them more careful about the use of narcotic medicines in their future practice.

Analytical Report of 1,000 Cases Treated in This Department of The Leslie E. Keeley Institute at Dwight, Ill.—How the Cures Were Effectected—Forms of the Drug to Which the Patients Had Been Addicted—Small Percentage of Relapses—Many Interesting Details.

The world is cognizant of the wonderful results which have attended the administration of the Keeley Remedies for inebriety, but the effects of the Keeley Treatment upon persons addicted to opium and other narcotic drugs have not been so publicly known. The great body of such patients dislike publicity. Finally Dr. Keeley allowed us to copy the official report of the physician at the head of that department, at the parent institute at Dwight, which we present below.

The following report is worthy the attention of the medical faculty and philanthropists. It shows that each patient is carefully examined before he begins treatment, and by correspondence the head of that department at Dwight keeps advised of the condition of the graduate for two years after his discharge from the Institute. It is a wonderful record, and the more it is studied and analyzed the more extraordinary it appears.

The following report and tables of the last 1,000 people who presented themselves here for treatment previous to Dec. 1, 1893, for drug addictions, known as opium patients, are respectfully submitted :

AGES OF PATIENTS.

188 were between 21 and 30 years of age.
332 were between 30 and 40 years of age.
292 were between 40 and 50 years of age.
140 were between 50 and 60 years of age.
40 were between 60 and 70 years of age.
8 were between 70 and 80 years of age;
two of the latter were 76 years of age.
1000

Occupation of Patients Treated.
In regard to occupations they are classified as follows:

Actors	4	Ministers	8
Actresses	12	Musicians	2
Agents	2	Machinists	2
Attorneys	28	Mining engineers	2
Auctioneers	4	Nurses	8
Board of Trade	4	Physicians and surgeons	146
Bookkeepers	12	Painters	4
Bankers	22	Printers	4
Carriage dealers	2	Revenue gaugers	2
Consul-Generals	1	Railroad agents	4
Clerks	22	Railroad brakemen	4
Cigarmakers	2	Railroad engineers	6
Circus performers	6	Railroad conductors	8
Contractors	4	Real estate men	5
Dentists	18	Street inspectors	1
Druggists	25	Stock dealers	4
Editors	12	Saloonkeepers	6
Farmers	26	Salesmen	2
Gentlemen of leisure	2	Sea Captains	1
Gunsmiths	1	Spinsters	30
Gamblers	4	Traveling men	8
Hotel	4	Teamsters	2
Housewives	306	Teachers	8
Widows	118	Tinners	2
Horsemen	4	Traders	2
Insurance	4	Train dispatchers	1
Jewelers	8	U. S. Army	2
Judges	4	Laborers	6
Merchants	24	Veterinary Surgeons	4
Milliners	6	Watchmakers	3
Manufacturers	4	No occupation	6
Marble cutters	4	Total	1000

Health at Beginning of Treatment.

Each patient reported his condition of health at the time of beginning the treatment, which is summed up as follows:

20 reported good health.
130 reported fair health.
850 reported poor health.

1000

Statistics of Chronic Diseases.

The following diseases were chronic and many of them existed prior to the use of the drug :

11 cases of asthma.
18 cases of bronchitis.
5 cases of chorea.
37 cases of cough.
81 cases of dysmenorrhea.
21 cases of diarrhoea.
7 cases of epilepsy.
112 cases of indigestion.
104 cases of insomnia.
19 cases of neuralgia.
2 cases of progressive locomotor ataxia.

In the light of disease, the failure of christianity, when applied to the last stages of Drunkenness, is exceedingly clear.

16 cases of paralysis.
129 cases of rheumatism.
84 cases of sick headache.
204 cases of suppressed menses.

850

Proper professional attention was given to these several chronic diseases. Most of them were greatly benefitted and a large per cent of them cured. The latest reports inform me that asthma, bronchitis, chorea, epilepsy, sick headache, and suppression cases are cured.

Statistics of Drugs Used by Patients.

The drugs used, or the leading one in connection with some form of opium, are classified as follows, although many persons used two, three or more drugs at the same or different times:

Alcohol in any form, including perfum- eries, Florida wa- ter, cologne, spirits camphor, etc.	Laudanum	46
Atropine 197	Morphine, mouth... 105	
Bromidria 45	Morphine, hypoder- mic 285	
Chloroform 65	Morphine, rectum .. 4	
Chloral 61	Paregoric 4	
Cocaine 86	Strychnia 3	
Can. Indica 3	Salol 1	
Ether 5	Sulphonal 3	
Gum opium. 37	Tincture ginger.... 7	
Smoke Opium 18	Tincture cinchona.. 5	
	Tincture valerian... 14	
	Total..... 1000	

The number of patients represented by one single addiction is as follows:

Gum opium..... 8	Morphine, hypoder- mic, 97
Opium smoking 8	Paregoric 1
Laudanum 13	Cocaine 1
Tincture ginger.... 1	McMunn's E. opium, 1
Tincture valerian... 1	
Morphine by mouth. 9	
Morphine, rectum ... 2	Total..... 142

COCAINE.

8 were using from 1 to 5 grains of cocaine.
12 were using from 5 to 10 grains.
22 were using from 10 to 30 grains.
28 were using from 30 to 60 grains.
16 were using over 60 grains.

86

CHLORAL.

14 were using from 1 to 15 grains of chloral.
10 were using from 15 to 30 grains.
18 were using from 30 to 60 grains.
12 were using from 60 to 120 grains.
6 were using over 120 grains.
1 was using 240 grains daily.

61

"Christianity furnishes the repentant drunkard a weapon with which to fight the craving for alcohol —prayer. Scientific treatment removes the craving."

By a Cure is meant the permanent removal of a physical craving for liquor. With all physical desire for alcohol permanently destroyed, the question of drinking becomes again a social or moral one.

GUM OPIUM.

14 were using from 1 to 10 grains of gum opium.
11 were using from 10 to 60 grains.
11 were using from 1 to 4 drams.
1 was using 2½ ounces.

37

BROMIDIA.

1 was using 1 bottle of bromidia each night.

OPIUM SMOKING.

The opium smokers were using each from 5 to 100 phones daily.

LAUDANUM.

14 laudanum patients were using not to exceed 1 ounce daily.

10 were using from 1 to 4 ounces.
13 were using from 4 to 8 ounces.
8 were using from 8 to 16 ounces.
1 was using 16 ounces.

46

Many of them were so drug-depraved that they would take anything supposed to contain alcohol or some narcotic that would make them feel differently, disregarding the consequences —namely: Tinct. cinchona, tinct. valerian, tinct. gentian, spirits of camphor, cologne, perfumery, wood naphtha, Florida water, etc. One had taken a pint of paregoric daily, another had drunk a pint of spirits of camphor in four hours.

MORPHINE.

62 morphine users were using from 1 to 5 grains.
92 morphine users were using from 5 to 10 grains.
128 morphine users were using from 10 to 25 grains.
88 morphine users were using from 25 to 60 grains.
22 morphine users were using from 60 to 120 grains.

1 morphine user was using from 120 to 180 grains.
1 used over 180 grains.

394

Each patient or his friend was questioned as to why he commenced using the drug. The several answers are classified and arranged as follows:

After whiskey..... 76	Miscarriage, 7
Asthma 18	Melancholia 18
Abscesses 6	Neuralgia 44
Bronchitis 8	Nausea 10
Back aches 9	Neurasthenia 46
Blood poisoning 4	Night sweats 6
Burns 6	Pneumonia 12
Chorea 4	Piles 16
Cough 22	Puerperal fever 8
Catarrh 22	Peritonitis 4
Cystitis 6	Prog. Loc. Ataxia .. 2
Childbirth 6	Rupture 8

Dysmenorrhea.....	62	Rheumatism.....	25
Diarrhea.....	46	Sick headache.....	84
Epilepsy.....	4	Sunstroke.....	4
Fractures.....	16	Stricture.....	2
Fistula.....	2	Social pleasures.....	22
Gastritis.....	28	Spasms of stomach.....	2
Heart disease.....	6	Sciatica.....	96
Indigestion.....	42	Typhoid fever.....	4
Injury.....	30	Teeth.....	12
Insomnia.....	38	Tumor.....	4
Jaundice.....	2	Trouble.....	8
Kidney disease.....	10	Whooping cough.....	2
Lumbago.....	12	Wound in head.....	2
La Grippe.....	36		
Malaria.....	31	Total.....	1000

Seventy-four per cent of all these patients claimed that the drug was first given by physicians, and in many cases continued without their knowledge until they had formed the habit.

Deaths.

Three have died. One patient using large doses of chloral arrived in such bad condition that specific treatment was deferred until further consideration. Patient died in twenty hours from inhibition of the heart by chloral. One died of apoplexy when the cure was nearly completed and one from general debility superinduced by very obstinate constipation.

Ninety-eight of these people were practically insane, whether they were under the influence of the drug or not, and these cases of insanity were further advanced as lunatics than a drug habitue would be while under the influence of the drug. No mental restoration would be possible in those cases by total abstinence alone, it requiring a thorough treatment to antidote, eliminate, and overcome the effects of the drug addictions.

Thirteen of them had been in insane asylums, and seven of them were sent here as a last and only chance before committing them to an asylum for the hopelessly insane. The hope entertained by their friends was that if they could be cured of their drug addictions they could be so much more easily cared for at an asylum for insane people.

All these ninety-eight have been cured of their drug addictions; two were sent

away insane; one of them had been confined in an asylum most of the time for eight years; after being taken care of at home five months was restored to good health and sound mental condition without further medication.

Eighty-eight of these registered patients came alone; 912 were accompanied by one or two attendants, as it was thought unsafe by their friends to send them alone on account of their mental condition, whether they were under the influence of the drug or not.

These patients were disposed of as follows:

- 20 were dismissed for various causes.
- 8 were advised to go to some place and take treatment to improve their general health.
- 16 did not remain to complete their treatment.
- 3 died
- 933 completed their treatment.

1000

Percentage of Relapses.

Four and seven-tenths per cent of straight morphine or opium cases have relapsed and 8 4-10 per cent only of the whole number treated have relapsed.

Four only relapsed patients were taken back for treatment during the year 1893, three of whom have relapsed, and are the only ones counted twice.

Deaths Since Treatment.

The following have died since treatment:

One aged 78 died twenty months after treatment from old age.

One aged 28 died seven months after treatment at an imitation institute.

One aged 29 died four months after treatment of leucocythaemia.

One aged 44 died eight months after treatment of phthisis pulmonalis.

One aged 40 died two months after treatment from reported heart failure, only ill one hour.

Had Tried Other Cures Without Success.

Fully 35 per cent had tried various so-called cures, each from one to seven times, varying in time from a few hours, or long enough to discover the deception, to two years under treatment and at liberal expense.

"The "sprees" of the young men are drafts upon his vitality, payable in middle age, if not earlier."

"The drunkard is a sick man, not a criminal."

Morphine, first a pain killer, then an agreeable servant, finally a remorseless tyrant.



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